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HER MAJESTY'S SHIP

# "PINAFORE";

OR,

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR.

*AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA.*

*In Two Acts.*

---

WRITTEN BY  
**W S GILBERT.**

COMPOSED BY  
**ARTHUR SULLIVAN**


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COMPLETE VOCAL SCORE, -- 50 cts  
VOCAL SELECTIONS, - - - - 25 cts

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**OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.**

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K. C. B.

*First Lord of the Admiralty.*

CAPT. CORCORAN . . . *Commanding H. M. S. "Pinafore."*

RALPH RACKSTRAW . . . . . *Able Seaman.*

DICK DEADEYE . . . . . *Able Seaman.*

BILL BOBSTAY . . . . . *Boatswain.*

BOB BECKET . . . . . *Carpenter's Mate.*

TOM TUCKER . . . . . *Midshipmite.*

TOM BOWLIN.

JOSEPHINE . . . . . *The Captain's Daughter.*

LITTLE BUTTERCUP. (Mrs. Cripps.)

*A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman.*

HEBE . . . . . *Sir Joseph's First Cousin.*

FIRST LORD'S SISTER'S, HIS COUSINS, }

AND HIS AUNTS. }

SAILORS, &c., by FULL CHORUS.

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SCENE: *Deck of H. M. S. "PINAFORE," off Portsmouth, England*

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First produced in London (at the Opera Comique), May 25th, 1878  
and still continuing one of the chief attractions of the city,  
and now running with great success throughout America.

# H. M. S. "PINAFORE";

OR

## THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

---

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL NAUTICAL COMIC OPERA.

---

WRITTEN BY W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

---

### ACT I.

SCENE: *Quarter-deck of H. M. S. "Pinafore." View of Portsmouth in distance. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, &c.*

#### CHORUS.

We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty;  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty  
When the balls whistle free over the bright blue sea,  
We stand to our guns all day;  
When at anchor we ride on the Portsmouth tide,  
We have plenty of time for play.

*(Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP, with large basket on her arm.)*

#### RECIT.

Hail, men-o'-war's men—safeguards of your nation,  
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;  
You've got your pay—spare all you can afford  
To welcome little Buttercup on board.

#### ARIA.

For I'm called little Buttercup—dear little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why;

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But still I'm called 'Buttercup—poor little Buttercup,  
 Sweet little Buttercup, I.  
 I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky,  
 I've scissors and watches and knives;  
 I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces  
 Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.  
 I've treacle and toffy, and excellent coffee,  
 Soft tommy and succulent chops;  
 I've chickens and conies and pretty polonies,  
 And excellent peppermint drops.  
 Then buy of your Buttercup—dear little Buttercup,  
 Sailors should never be shy;  
 So buy of your Buttercup—poor little Buttercup,  
 Come, of your Buttercup buy!

BOAT. Aye, Little Buttercup—and well called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead!

BUT. Red, am I? And round and rosy! May be; for I have dissembled well. But, hark ye, my merry friend, hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker worm, which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOAT. No, my lass; I can't say I've ever thought that.

(Enter DICK DEADEYE.)

DICK. *I have thought it often. (All recoil from him.)*

BUT. Yes; you look like it. What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

BOAT. Don't take no heed of *him*; that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

DICK. I say—It's a beast of a name, ain't it—Dick Deadeye?

BUT. It's not a nice name.

DICK. I'm ugly, too, ain't I?

BUT. You are certainly plain.

DICK. And I'm three-cornered, too, ain't I?

BUT. You are rather triangular.

DICK. Ha! ha! That's it! I am ugly, and they hate me for it, for you all hate me, don't you?

BOAT. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any yallow creatur's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now, can you?

DICK. No.

BOAT. It's asking too much, ain't it?

DICK. It is. From such a face and form as mine, the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature—I am resigned!



## RECIT.

**BUT.** But, tell me, who's the youth whose faltering feet  
With difficulty bear him on his course?

**BOAT.** That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—  
Ralph Rackstraw!

**BUT.** Ha! that name! Remorse! Remorse!  
(*Enter RALPH.*)

## MADRIGAL—RALPH.

The Nightingale  
Loved the pale moon's bright ray,  
And told his tale  
In his own melodious way!  
He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

**ALL.** He sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

The lowly Vale  
For the Mountain vainly sighed.  
To his humble wail  
The echoing hills replied:  
They sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

**ALL.** They sang, "Ah, well-a-day!"

## RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,  
But choruses yield little consolation;  
When we have pain and trouble, too, before us!  
I love—and love, alas, above my station!

**BUT.** (*Aside.*) He loves—and loves a lass above his station!

**ALL.** (*Aside.*) Yes, yes! the lass is much above his station!

## BALLAD—RALPH.

A maiden fair to see,  
The pearl of minstrelsy,  
A bud of blushing beauty;  
For whom proud nobles sigh,  
And with each other vie  
To do her menial's duty.  
**ALL.** To do her menial's duty.

A suitor, lowly born,  
With hopeless passion torn,  
And poor beyond concealing,  
Has dared for her to pine  
At whose exalted shrine  
A world of wealth is kneeling!  
**ALL.** A world of wealth is kneeling!

Unlearned he in aught  
 Save that which love has taught  
 (For love had been his tutor);  
 Oh, pity, pity me!—  
 Our captain's daughter she,  
 And I that lowly suitor!  
**ALL.** And he that lowly suitor!

(Exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)

**BOAT.** Ah, my poor lad! you have climbed too high. Our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

**DICK.** No, no! Captain's daughters don't marry foremost jacks.

**ALL.** (*Recoiling from him.*) Shame! Shame!

**BOAT.** Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur'!

**RALPH.** But it's strange that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarter-deck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main truck, or his slacks on the main deck!

**DICK.** Ah, it's a queer world!

**RALPH.** Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder!

**BOAT.** My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck; let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seamen deserves.

## RECIT.

**CAPT.** My gallant crew, good morning.

**ALL.** (*Saluting.*) Sir, good morning!

**CAPT.** I hope you're well.

**ALL.** (*As before.*) Quite well; and you, sir?

**CAPT.** I am in reasonable health, and happy  
 To meet you all once more.

**ALL.** (*As before.*) You do us proud, sir!

## SONG—CAPTAIN.

**CAPT.** I am the captain of the "Pinafore!"

**ALL.** And a right good captain too!

**CAPT.** You're very, very good,

And, be it understood,

I command a right good crew.

**ALL.** We're very, very good,

And, be it understood,

He commands a right good crew

- CAPT.** Though related to a peer,  
I can hand, reef and steer,  
And ship a selvagee ;  
I am never known to quail  
At the fury of a gale,  
And I'm never, never sick at sea :
- ALL.** What, never ?
- CAPT.** No, never ?
- ALL.** What, *never* ?
- CAPT.** Hardly ever !
- ALL.** He's hardly ever sick at sea !  
Then, give three cheers, and one cheer ~~more~~  
For the hardy captain of the "Pinafore !"
- CAPT.** I do my best to satisfy you all—
- ALL.** And with you we're quite content.
- CAPT.** You're exceedingly polite,  
And I think it only right  
To return the compliment.
- ALL.** We're exceedingly polite,  
And he thinks it only right  
To return the compliment.
- CAPT.** Bad language or abuse,  
I never, never use,  
Whatever the emergency ;  
Though "bother it !" I may  
Occasionally say,  
I never use a big, big D—.
- ALL.** What, never ?
- CAPT.** No, never !
- ALL.** What, *never* ?
- CAPT.** Hardly ever !
- ALL.** Hardly ever swears a big, big D—  
Then, give three cheers, and one cheer more  
For the well-bred captain of the "Pinafore !"

*(After Song, exeunt all but CAPTAIN. Enter LITTLE BUTTERCUP.)*

- BOY. (Recit.)** Sir, you are sad—the silent eloquence  
Of yonder tear that trembles on your eyelash  
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common ;  
Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother !
- CAPT.** Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry !  
My daughter Josephine, the fairest flower  
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,  
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,  
Our Admiralty's First Lord ; but, for some reason,  
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.
- BUT. (With emotion.)** Ah, I poor Sir Joseph ! Ah, I know too well  
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly !

But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.

I go. Farewell! (*Exit.*)

**CAPT.** (*Looking after her.*) A plump and pleasing person!

(*Enter JOSEPHINE, twining some flowers which she carries in a small basket.*)

### BALLAD—JOSEPHINE.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,  
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly  
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,  
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly:  
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head  
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun,  
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,  
When to the ark the wearied one  
Flies from the empty waste of waters!  
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head  
When love is alive and hope is dead!

**CAPT.** My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

**JOS.** Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick! I can esteem—  
—reverence—venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man: but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

**CAPT.** (*Aside.* It is then as I feared. (*Aloud.*) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

**JOS.** No, father! The object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

**CAPT.** Impossible!

**JOS.** Yes, it is true—too true!

**CAPT.** A common sailor? Oh, fie!

**JOS.** I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him!

**CAPT.** Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter. I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

**JOS.** Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father: I have a heart, and, therefore, I love; but I am your daughter,

and, therefore, I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it!

**CAPT.** You *are* my daughter, after all. But see; Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen, and accompanied by the the admiring crowd of female relatives that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter to your cabin. Take this, his photograph, with you: it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

**JOS.** My own thoughtful father!

*(Embrace and exit. CAPTAIN remains.)*

### BARCAROLLE. *(Invisible.)*

Over the bright blue sea  
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.;  
Wherever he may go  
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!  
Shout o'er the bright blue sea  
For Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.!

*(During this, the crew have entered on tip-toe, listening attentively to the song.)*

### CHORUS OF SAILORS.

We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty,  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty;  
We're smart and sober men,  
And quite devoid of fe-ar,  
In all the Royal N.  
None are so smart as we are.

*(Enter SIR JOSEPH's Female Relatives. They dance around the stage.)*

**REL.** Gaily tripping,  
Lightly skipping,  
Flock the maidens to the shipping.  
**SAILORS.** Flags and guns and pennants dipping!  
All the ladies love the shipping.  
**REL.** Sailors sprightly,  
Always rightly,  
Welcome ladies so politely:  
**SAILORS.** Ladies who can smile so brightly,  
Sailors welcome most politely.

*(Enter SIR JOSEPH with COUSIN HEBB)*

**CAPT.** (*From poop.*) Now give three cheers; I'll lead the way.

**ALL.** Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! (*Repeat.*)

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

I am the monarch of the sea,  
The ruler of the Queen's Navee,  
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.

**COUSIN HEBE.** And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

**REL.** And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

**SIR JOSEPH.** When at anchor here I ride,  
My bosom swells with pride,  
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts;

**COUSIN HEBE.** And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

**ALL.** And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

**SIR JOSEPH.** But when the breezes blow,  
I generally go below,  
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants!

**COUSIN HEBE.** And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

**ALL.** And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!  
His sisters and his cousins,  
Whom he reckons up by dozens,  
And his aunts!

SONG—SIR JOSEPH.

When I was a lad, I served a term  
As office boy to an attorney's firm;  
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.  
I polished up that handle so carefulee,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**CHO.** He polished, &c.

As office boy I made such a mark  
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk;  
I served the writs with a smile so bland,  
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand;  
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,  
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

**CHO.** He copied, &c.

In serving writs I made such a name,  
That an artiled clerk I soon became;

I wore clean collars and a bran new suit,  
 For the pass examination at the Institute;  
 And that pass examination did so well for me,  
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

CHO. And that pass examination, &c.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,  
 That they took me into partnership;  
 And that junior partnership, I ween,  
 Was the only ship that I ever had seen.  
 But that kind of ship so suited me,  
 That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee

CHO. But that kind, &c.

I grew so rich that I was sent  
 By a pocket borough into Parliament;  
 I always voted at my party's call,  
 And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.  
 I thought so little, they rewarded me,  
 By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee

CHO. He thought so little, &c.

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
 If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
 If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
 Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:  
 Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,  
 And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee

CHO. Stick close, &c.

SIR JOSEPH. You've a remarkably fine crew, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. It *is* a fine crew, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Examining a very small midshipman.*) A British sailor is a splendid fellow, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. A splendid fellow, indeed, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. Indeed, I hope so, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. Never forget that they are the bulwarks of England's greatness, Captain Corcoran.

CAPT. So I have always considered them, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. No bullying, I trust; no strong language of any kind, eh?

CAPT. Oh, never, Sir Joseph!

SIR JOSEPH. What, *never*!

CAPT. Hardly ever, Sir Joseph. They are an excellent crew and do their work thoroughly without it.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Reproving.*) Don't patronize them, sir—pray don't patronize them.

CAPT. Certainly not, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. That you are their Captain, is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these noble fellows to be patronized because an accident of birth has placed you above them, and them below you.

CAPT. I am the last person to insult a British sailor, Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH. You are the last person who did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid seaman to step forward.

CAPT. Ralph Rackstraw, come here.

SIR JOSEPH. (*Sternly.*) If what?

CAPT. I beg your pardon—

SIR JOSEPH. If you *please*.

CAPT. Oh, yes, of course. If you please. (*RALPH steps forward.*)

SIR JOSEPH. You're a remarkably fine fellow.

RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. And a first-rate seaman I'll be bound.

RALPH. There's not a smarter topman in the navy, your honor, though I say it who shouldn't.

SIR JOSEPH. Not at all. Proper self-respect, nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe.

RALPH. No, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. That's a pity; all sailors should dance hornpipes. I will teach you one this evening, after dinner. Now, tell me—don't be afraid—how does your captain treat you, eh?

RALPH. A better captain don't walk the deck, your honor.

ALL. Hear!

SIR JOSEPH. Good! I like to hear you speak well of your commanding officer; I dare say he don't deserve it, but still it does you credit. Can you sing?

RALPH. I can hum a little, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. Then hum this at your leisure. (*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that I have composed for the use of the Royal Navy. It is designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle, that a British sailor is any man's equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Corcoran, a word with you in your cabin, on a tender and sentimental subject.

CAPT. Aye, aye, Sir Joseph. Boatswain, in commemoration of this joyous occasion, see that extra grog is served out to the ship's company at seven bells.

BOAT. Beg pardon. If what, your honor?

CAPT. If what? I don't think I understand you.

BOAT. If you *please*, your honor.

CAPT. What!

SIR JOSEPH. The gentleman is quite right. If you *please*.



**CAPT.** (*Stamping his foot impatiently.*) If you please!

**SIR JOSEPH.** For I hold that on the seas  
The expression "if you please"

A particularly gentlemanly tone imparts.  
**COUSIN HEBE.** And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
aunts!

**ALL.** And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
aunts!

(*Exeunt CAPTAIN, SIR JOSEPH, and RELATIVES.*)

**BOAT.** Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman; courteous and considerate to the very humblest.

**RALPH.** True, Boatswain, but we are not the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained our true position to us. As he says, a British seaman is any man's equal excepting his; and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not our duty to believe him?

**ALL.** Well spoke! Well spoke!

**DICK.** You're on the wrong tack, and so is he. He means well, but he don't know. When people have to obey other people's orders, equality's out of the question.

**ALL.** (*Recoiling.*) Horrible! Horrible!

**BOAT.** Dick Deadeye, if you go for to infuriate this here ship's crew too far, I won't answer for being able to hold 'em in. I'm shocked! that's what I am—shocked!

**RALPH.** Messmates, my mind's made up. I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell her, like an honest man, of the honest love I have for her.

**ALL.** Hurrah!

**RALPH.** Is not my love as good as another's? Is not my heart as true as another's? Have I not hands and eyes and ears and limbs like another?

**ALL.** Aye, aye!

**RALPH.** True, I lack birth—

**BOAT.** You've a berth on board this very ship.

**RALPH.** Well said—I had forgotten that. Messmates—what do you say? do you approve my determination?

**ALL.** We do.

**DICK.** I don't.

**BOAT.** What is to be done with this here hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us. Perhaps it will bring this here miserable creetur to a proper state of mind.

**GLEE—RALPH, BOATSWAIN and BOATSWAIN'S MATE, and CHORUS.**

A British tar is a soaring soul,  
As free as a mountain bird.  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lip should curl,  
 His cheeks should flame and his brow should furl,  
 His bosom should heave and his heart should glow,  
 And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

CHO. His nose should pant, &c.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,  
 His brow with scorn be wrung;  
 He never should bow down to a domineering frown,  
 Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.  
 His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,  
 His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;  
 His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
 And this should be his customary attitude!

CHO. His foot should stamp, &c.

*(All exeunt excepting RALPH, who remains, leaning pensively against bulwark.)*

*(Enter JOSEPHINE.)*

JOS. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attentions nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great and good man, but to me he seems tedious, fretful, and dictatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no common order, or he would not dare to teach my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the cabin table. *(Sees RALPH.)* Ralph Rackstraw! *(Overcome by emotion.)*

RALPH. Aye, lady—no other than poor Ralph Rackstraw.

JOS. *(Aside.)* How my heart beats! *(Aloud.)* And why poor, Ralph?

RALPH. I am poor in happiness, lady—rich only in unrest. In me there meet a combination of elements which are at eternal war with one another. Driven hither and thither—wafted one moment into blazing day, by mocking hope—plunged the next into the darkness of despair, I am but a living embodiment of positive contradictions. I hope I make myself clear, lady?

JOS. Perfectly. *(Aside.)* His simple eloquence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—but no, the thought is madness! *(Aloud.)* Dismiss these foolish fancies; they torture you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.

RALPH. *(Aside.)* I will—one. *(Aloud.)* Josephine!

JOS. *(Indignantly.)* Sir!

RALPH. Aye, even though Jove's armory were launched at the head of the audacious mortal whose lips dared to breathe that precious word, yet would I breathe it once, and then perchance be silent evermore. Josephine, I am a British sailor, and I love you!

JOS. Sir, this audacity! *(Aside.)* Oh my heart, my heart! *(Aloud.)* This unwarrantable presumption on the part of a common sailor! *(Aside.)* Common! oh, the irony of the word! *(Aloud.)* Oh, sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

## ACT II.

*Same Scene. Night. CAPTAIN discovered singing, and accompanying himself on a mandolin. LITTLE BUTTERCUP seated on quarter-deck, gazing sentimentally at him.*

### SONG—CAPTAIN.

Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright regent of the heavens,  
Say, why is everything  
Either at sixes or at sevens?  
I have lived, hitherto,  
Free from the breath of slander,  
Beloved by all my crew—  
A really popular commander;  
But now my kindly crew rebel,  
My daughter to a tar is partial,  
Sir Joseph storms, and sad to tell,  
He threatens a court-martial!  
Fair moon, to thee I sing,  
Bright regent of the heavens,  
Say, why is everything  
Either at sixes or at sevens?

**BUT.** How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high-born beauty? It may be! (*Sighing.*) Who is poor little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet, if he knew—

**CAPT.** Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

**BUT.** True, dear Captain—but the recollection of your sad, pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

**CAPT.** Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness; for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seemed to have turned against me!

**BUT.** Oh, no; do not say “all,” dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

**CAPT.** True, for you are stanch to me. (*Aside.*) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such an one as this! (*Aloud.*) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for

me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT. (*Change of manner.*) I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty, and I, poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gypsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies. There is a change in store for you.

CAPT. A change!

BUT Aye, be prepared!

DUET—LITTLE BUTTERCUP and CAPTAIN.

BUT. Things are seldom what they seem,  
Skin-milk masquerades as cream;  
Highlows pass as patent leathers,  
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.

CAPT. (*puzzled.*) Very true,  
So they do.

BUT. Black sheep dwell in every fold,  
All that glitters is not gold;  
Storks turn out to be but logs,  
Bulls are but inflated frogs.

CAPT. (*puzzled.*) So they be,  
Frequentlee.

BUT. Drops the wind and stops the mill,  
Turbot is ambitious brill;  
Gild the farthing if you will,  
But it is a farthing still.

CAPT. (*puzzled.*) Yes, I know,  
That is so.

CAPT. Though to catch your drift I'm striving,  
It is shady; it is shady;  
I don't see at what your driving,  
Mystic lady, mystic lady.

(*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er me stealing,  
That the mystic lady's dealing  
In oracular revealing;

BUT. (*Aside.*) Stern conviction's o'er him stealing,  
That the mystic lady's dealing  
In oracular revealing.

BOTH. Yes, I know—  
That is so.

CAPT. Though I'm anything but clever,  
I could talk like that forever;  
Once a cat was killed by care,  
Only brave deserve the fair.

BUT. Very true,  
So they do.

**CAPT.** Wink is often good as nod,  
Spoils the child who spares the rod;  
Thirsty lambs run foxy dangers,  
Dogs are found in many mangers.

BUT. Frequentlee,  
I agree.

**CAPT.** Paw of cat the chestnut snatches,  
Worn-out garments show new patches;  
Only count the chick that hatches;  
Men are grown up catchy-catchies.

**BUT.** Yes, I know,  
That is so.

(*Aside.*) Though to catch my drift he's striving,  
I'll dissemble — I'll dissemble;  
When he sees at what I'm driving,  
Let him tremble — let him tremble!

ENSEMBLE.

Though a mystic tone { I } borrow,  
 { I shall } learn the truth with sorrow,  
 { You will } Here to-day and gone to-morrow;  
 Yes, I know —  
 That is so.

(At the end, exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP, melodramatically.)

**CAPT.** Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? Time alone can tell!

(Enter SIR JOSEPH.)

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In fact, I don't think she will do.

CAPT. She won't do, Sir Joseph!

SIR JOSEPH. I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so, hitherto, without success. How do you account for this?

CAPT. Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is, of course, sensible of your condescension.

SIR JOSEPH. She naturally would be.

CAPT. But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JOSEPH. You think it does?

**CAPT.** I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

**SIR JOSEPH.** That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays

more knowledge of human nature than I had given you credit for.

**CAPT.** See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her, and assure her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look upon your offer in its proper light.

**SIR JOSEPH.** It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

*(Enter JOSEPHINE. FIRST LORD retires up and watches her.)*

### SCENA—JOSEPHINE.

The hours creep on apace,  
My guilty heart is quaking!  
Oh, that I might retrace  
The step that I am taking.  
Its folly it were easy to be showing,  
What I am giving up and whither going

On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,  
Hung with ancestral armor and old brasses,  
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,  
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger glasses,  
Rich Oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,  
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.

And on the other, a dark, dingy room,  
In some back street with stuffy children crying,  
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,  
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.  
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,  
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,  
Unlettered and unknown,  
Who toils for bread from early morn  
Till half the night has flown!  
No golden rank can he impart—  
No wealth of house or land—  
No fortune save his trusty heart  
And honest, brown right hand!  
And yet he is so wondrous fair  
That love for one so passing rare,  
So peerless in his manly beauty,  
Were little else than solemn duty!  
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,  
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey?



1ST LORD. For a humble captain's daughter,  
 JOS. (*Aside.*) For a gallant captain's daughter,  
 CAPT. And a lord who rules the water,  
 JOS. (*Aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water!  
 ALL. Let the air with joy be laden,  
 Fill with songs the air above,  
 For the union of a maiden  
 With the man who owns her love.

JOS. Never mind the why wherefore,  
 Love can level ranks, and therefore,  
 I admit its jurisdiction;  
 Ably have you played your part;  
 You have carried firm conviction  
 To my hesitating heart.

CAPT. and  
 SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board ship,  
 Rend the air with warbling wild,  
 For the union of { my } lordship  
 { his }  
 With a humble captain's child!

CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. For a humble captain's daughter,

JOS. (*Aside.*) For a gallant captain's daughter,

CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. And a lord who rules the water,

JOS. (*Aside.*) And a *tar* who ploughs the water.

(*Aloud.*) Let the air with joy be laden,

CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. Ring the merry bells on board ship,

JOS. For the union of a maiden.

CAPT. and SIR JOSEPH. For her union with his lordship.

ALL. Rend with songs the air above

For the man who owns her love! (*Exit Jos.*)

CAPT. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you my delight at the happy result of your eloquence. Your argument was unanswerable.

SIR JOSEPH. Captain Corcoran, it is one of the happiest characteristics of this happy country that official utterances are invariably regarded as unanswerable. (*Exit SIR JOSEPH.*)

CAPT. At last my fond hopes are to be crowned. My only daughter is to be the bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect is Elysian. (*During this speech, DICK DEADEYE has entered.*)

DICK. Captain!

CAPT. Deadeye! You here? Don't! (*Recoiling from him.*)

DICK. Ah, don't shrink from me, Captain! I'm unpleasant to look at, and my name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I seem.

CAPT. What would you with me?

DICK. (*Mysteriously.*) I'm come to give you warning.

CAPT. Indeed! Do you propose to leave the navy, then?

DICK. No, no, you misunderstand me; listen!



DUET—CAPTAIN *and* DICK DEADEYE.

DICK. Kind Captain, I've important information,  
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,  
About a certain intimate relation,  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,  
Sing hey, the mystic sailor that you are,  
The answer to them vainly I am seeking;  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

DICK. Kind Captain, your young lady is a sighing,  
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,  
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;  
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

BOTH. The merry, merry maiden and the tar.

CAPT. Good fellow, you have given timely warning,  
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,  
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning:  
Sing hey, the cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!

(*Producing a "cat."*)

BOTH. The merry cat-o'-nine-tails and the tar!

CAPT. Dick Deadeye, I thank you for your warning. I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat-cloak will afford me ample disguise. So! (*Envelops himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.*)

DICK. Ha, ha! They are foiled — foiled — foiled!

(*Enter CREW on tiptoe, with RALPH and BOATSWAIN, meeting JOSEPHINE, who enters from cabin on tiptoe with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by LITTLE BUTTERCUP. The CAPTAIN, shrouded in his boat-cloak, takes stage, unnoticed.*)

## ENSEMBLE.

Carefully, on tiptoe stealing,  
Breathing gently as we may,  
Every step with caution feeling,  
We will softly steal away.

(CAPTAIN *stamps.*)—Chord.

ALL. (*Much alarmed.*) Goodness me —  
Why, what was that?

DICK. Silent be,  
It was the cat!

ALL. (*Reassured.*) It was — it was the cat!

CAPT. (*Producing cat-o'-nine-tails.*)

They're right; it was the cat!

Pull ashore, in fashion steady,

Hymen will defray the fare;

For a clergyman is ready

To unite the happy pair!

(*Stamp as before, and chord.*)

Goodness me,

Why, what was that?

DICK.

Silent be,

Again the cat!

ALL. It was again that cat!

CAPT. (*Aside.*) They're right — it was the cat!

CAPT. (*Throwing off cloak.*) Hold! (*All start.*)

Pretty daughter of mine,

I insist upon knowing

Where you may be going

With these sons of the brine;

For my excellent crew,

Though foes they could thump any,

Are scarcely fit company,

My daughter, for you.

CREW.

Now, hark at that, do!

Though foes we could thump any,

We are scarcely fit company

For a lady like you!

RALPH.

Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!

Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,

For I have dared to love your matchless girl,

A fact well known to all my messmates here

CAPT.

Oh, horror!

RALPH and JOS. { I, } humble, poor, and lowly born;

{ He, }

The meanest in the port division —

The butt of epauletted scorn —

The mark of quarter-deck derision —

Have } dared to raise { my } wormy eyes,

Has } { his }

Above the dust to which you'd mould { me } him

In manhood's glorious pride to rise,

I am } an Englishman — behold { me !

He is } { him !

ALL.

He is an Englishman!

BOAT.

He is an Englishman;

For he himself has said it,

And its greatly to his credit,

That he is an Englishman!

ALL.

That he is an Englishman!

**BOAT.** For he might have been a Roosian,  
A French, or Turk or Proosian,  
Or perhaps Itali-an!

**ALL.** Or perhaps Itali-an!  
**BOAT.** But, in spite of all temptations,  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an Englishman!

**ALL.** Hurrah!  
For the true-born Englishman!

**CAPT.** (*Trying to repress his anger.*)

In uttering a reprobation  
To any British tar,  
I try to speak with moderation,  
But you have gone too far;  
I'm very sorry to disparage  
A humble formast lad,  
But to seek your captain's child in marriage  
Why, damme, it's too bad!

(*During this, COUSIN HEBE and FEMALE RELATIVES have entered.*)

**ALL.** (*Shocked.*) Oh!

**CAPT.** Yes, damme, it's too bad!

**ALL.** Oh!

**CAPTAIN and DICK DEADEYE.** Yes, damme, it's too bad!

(*During this, SIR JOSEPH has appeared on deck. He is horrified at the bad language.*)

**HEBE.** Did you hear him, did you hear him?  
Oh, the monster overbearing!  
Don't go near him, don't go near him,  
He is swearing, he is swearing.

**SIR JOSEPH** (*who has come down*).

My pain and my distress,  
I find it is not easy to express;  
My amazement, my surprise,  
You may learn from the expression of my eyes!

**CAPT.** My lord, one word: the facts are not before you,  
The word was injudicious, I allow,  
But hear my explanation, I implore you,  
And you will be indignant, I avow!

**SIR JOSEPH.** I will hear of no defence,  
Attempt none if you're sensible.  
That word of evil sense  
Is wholly indefensible.  
Go, ribald, get you hence  
To your cabin with celerity:  
This is the consequence  
Of ill-advised asperity!

(*Exit CAPTAIN, disgraced, followed by JOSEPHINE.*)

ALL. Behold the consequence  
Of ill-advised asperity!

SIR JOSEPH. For I'll teach you all erelong,  
To refrain from language strong;  
For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred taunts!

HEBE. No more have his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his  
aunts.

ALL. For he is an Englishman, &c.

SIR JOSEPH. Now, tell me, my fine fellow—for you *are* a fine  
fellow—

RALPH. Yes, your honor.

SIR JOSEPH. How came your Captain so far to forget himself? I am  
quite sure you had given him no cause for annoyance.

RALPH. Please your honor, it was thus wise. You see, I'm only a  
topman; a mere foremast hand—

SIR JOSEPH. Don't be ashamed of that. Your position as a topman  
is a very exalted one.

RALPH. Well, your honor, love burns as brightly in the foksle as it  
does on the quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest bud that  
ever blossomed upon the tree of a poor fellow's wildest hopes.  
(*Enter JOSEPHINE; she rushes to RALPH'S arms. SIR JOSEPH  
horrified.*) She's the figure-head of my ship of life; the bright  
beacon that guides me into my port of happiness!

ALL. Very pretty.

SIR JOSEPH. Insolent sailor, you shall repent this outrage! Seize  
him! (*Two Marines seize him and handcuff him.*)

JOS. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love him tenderly!

SIR JOSEPH. Away with him! I will teach this presumptuous  
mariner to discipline his affections. Have you such a thing as a  
dungeon on board?

ALL. We have!

SIR JOSEPH. Then load him with chains and take him there at once!

#### OCTETTE.

RALPH. Farewell, my own,  
Light of my life, farewell!  
For crime unknown,  
I go to a dungeon cell.

ALL. For crime, &c.  
JOS. In the meantime, farewell!

And all alone  
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

ALL. And all, &c.

SIR JOSEPH. A bone, a bone,  
I'll pick with this sailor fell;  
Let him be shown

At once to his dungeon cell.

ALL. Let him, &c.

BOATSWAIN, DICK DEADEYE *and* COUSIN HEBB.

He'll hear no tone  
Of the maiden he loves so well!  
No telephone  
Communicates with his cell!

ALL. No telephone, &c.

BUT. (*Mysteriously.*) But when is known  
The secret I have to tell,  
Wide will be thrown  
The door of his dungeon cell.

ALL. Wide will be thrown  
The door of his dungeon cell.

(*All repeat respective verses, ensemble. At the end, RALPH is led off in custody.*)

SIR JOSEPH. Josephine, I cannot tell you the distress I feel at this most painful revelation. I desire to express to you, officially, that I am hurt. You, whom I honored by seeking in marriage; you, the daughter of a Captain in the Royal Navy!

BUT. Hold! I have something to say to that!

SIR JOSEPH. You?

BUT. Yes, I!

## SONG—BUTTERCUP.

A many years ago,  
When I was young and charming,  
As some of you may know,  
I practised baby-farming.  
Now this is most alarming,  
Whe she was young and charming  
She practised baby-farming,  
A many years ago.  
Two tender babes I nussed,  
One was of low condition,  
The other, upper crust,  
A regular patrician.

ALL (*explaining to each other*).  
Now, this is the position,  
One was of low condition,  
The other a patrician,  
A many years ago.

BUT. Oh, bitter is my cup!  
However could I do it?  
I mixed those children up,  
And not a creature knew it.

ALL. However could you do it?  
Some day, no doubt you'll rue it,  
Although no creature knew it,  
So many years ago.

**BUT.** In time each little waif  
 Forsook his foster mother;  
 The well-born babe was Ralph,  
 Your captain was the other!!!  
**ALL.** They left their foster mother;  
 The one was Ralph, our brother,  
 Our captain was the other,  
 A many years ago.

**SIR JOSEPH.** Then, I am to understand that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were exchanged in childhood's happy hour — that Ralph is really the Captain, and the Captain is Ralph?

**BUT.** That is the idea I intended to convey!

**SIR JOSEPH.** Dear me! Let them appear before me, at once!

(**RALPH enters as CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN as a common sailor.**  
**JOSEPHINE rushes to his arms.**)

**JOS.** My father — a common sailor!

**CAPT.** It is hard, is it not, my dear?

**SIR JOSEPH.** This is a very singular occurrence; I congratulate you both. (*To RALPH.*) Desire that remarkably fine seaman to step forward.

**RALPH.** Corcoran, come here!

**CAPT.** If what? If you *please*!

**SIR JOSEPH.** Perfectly right. If you *please*!

**RALPH.** Oh! If you *please*! (*CAPTAIN steps forward.*)

**SIR JOSEPH.** (*To CAPTAIN.*) You are an extremely fine fellow.

**CAPT.** Yes, your honor.

**SIR JOSEPH.** So it seems that you were Ralph, and Ralph was you.

**CAPT.** So it seems, your honor.

**SIR JOSEPH.** Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

**CAPT.** Don't say that, your honor; love levels all ranks.

**SIR JOSEPH.** It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that. (*Handing JOSEPHINE to RALPH.*) Here, take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

**RALPH and JOS.** Oh, bliss, oh, rapture!

**SIR JOSEPH.** Sad my lot, and sorry,  
 What shall I do? I cannot live alone!

**ALL.** What will he do? He cannot live alone!

**HEBE.** Fear nothing — while I live I'll not desert you,  
 I'll soothe and comfort your declining days.

**SIR JOSEPH.** No, don't do that.

**HEBE.** Yes, but indeed, I'd rather —

**SIR JOSEPH.** (*Resigned.*) To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted.

Three loving pairs on the same day united!

## DUET—RALPH and JOSEPHINE.

Oh, joy, oh rapture unforeseen,  
 The clouded sky is now serene;  
 The god of day, the orb of love,  
 Has hung his ensign high above,  
 The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,  
 We'll chase the lagging hours along,

And if { he finds } the maiden coy,  
       { I find }

We'll murmur forth decorous joy,  
 In dreamy roundelay.

CAPT. For he is the captain of the "Pinafore."

ALL. And a right good captain too!

CAPT. And though before my fall

I was captain of you all,

I'm a member of the crew.

ALL. Although before his fall, &c.

CAPT. I shall marry with a wife,

In my humble rank of life! (*Turning to BUT.*)

And you, my own, are she —

I must wander to and fro,

But wherever I may go,

I shall never be untrue to thee!

ALL. What, never?

CAPT. No, never!

ALL. What, *never*?

CAPT. Hardly ever!

ALL. Hardly ever be untrue to thee!

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more

For the faithful seaman of the "Pinafore."

BUT. For he loves Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,

I'm sure I shall never know why;

But still he loves Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,

Sweet Little Buttercup, aye!

ALL. For he loves, &c.

SIR JOSEPH. I'm the monarch of the sea,

And when I've married thee (*to HEBE*),

I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants.

HEBE. Then good bye to his sisters, and his cousins and his  
 aunts;

Especially his cousins,

Whom he reckons up by dozens,

His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

ALL. For he is an Englishman;

And he himself hath said it,

And it's greatly to his credit,

That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN.







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